

The Gleaner.

Vol. V.

No. 6

SEPTEMBER, 1905

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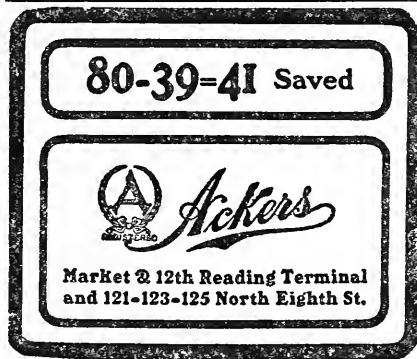
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The Gleaner

Vol. V.

NATIONAL FARM SCHOOL, SEPTEMBER, 1905

No. 6

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VICTOR ANDERSON, '07 - *Associate Editor*

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ABE MILLER, '07 - - - *Athletics*
LOUIS ROCK, '07 - - - *Class, Club and
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MEYER GREEN, '07 - - - *Exchanges*

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EDITORIALS



It should be an incumbent duty on the part of the students to put forth their best endeavor for the production of a representative issue of THE GLEANER; for in previous years it seemed as if literary talent was not lacking and consequently were enabled to issue a creditable paper. At present, however, we are not so well equipped with so efficient a staff and we are also very unfortunate in not having so many students who are inclined to write.

In view of these facts it is evident that those students who can write would put forth their best efforts to contribute to THE GLEANER, but this spirit is indeed lacking.

Another fault prevalent among certain students is discouragement.

"If at first you don't succeed, try, try again," is an old axiom but a very true one. If your first contribution is not satisfactory to the editor, do not get discouraged; try again and at last your efforts will be rewarded by the appearance of your article in THE GLEANER and possibly a position on the Staff.

Don't rely too much on the Staff for contributions, as they have enough work with their own departments, and very seldom

are they at leisure for other material. Therefore, let us all work hard and try to get out an issue that shall be a credit to the school.

The arrival of Dr. Krauskopf and a party of friends, for a two weeks' outing at Farm School, was again the scene of much delight among the students. It was indeed a treat to the students and when camp broke it was pronounced by all who attended as a most successful outing.

The entertainments given by the campers served to break the monotony of the dull summer evenings. It was somewhat out of the ordinary for both the students and neighboring farmers.

If talent could not be gotten from the city farces were made up by the campers and in every case proved to be satisfactory. The school and court-room scenes were the most interesting. Messrs. Weil and Switzer were the stars in all the performances and were favorites with both students and campers.

On the occasion of Mr. Switzer's birthday he was presented with a handsome bouquet of flowers by the students.

One of the most interesting features was a cakewalk led by a student. Seven couples participated and a prize was offered for the best pair. Competition was very keen and as a result the audience were treated to an exhibition of fine dancing.

Another interesting feature was a sack race by the students, and their efforts to land the prize furnished a good deal of amusement to the onlookers.

Through the kindness of Mr. Lubin we were treated to a series of fine moving pictures and illustrated songs; they were well appreciated.

The editor takes this opportunity in behalf of the students, to thank the donor of the zonophone for his gift. It is just the thing the boys needed and on the dreary winter evenings it will be used unmercifully.

Beginning with the October issue, Elmore I. Lee, '04, will begin a series of articles on his newspaper experiences, which will be called "Leaves From a Reporter's Note Book." These recounts while appearing under the aforesaid heading, will be complete in themselves and each issue will contain a different tale, which will not have any direct bearing on the preceding story.

The first story of this series will be entitled "Dick Pearson's Big Scoop," and will show how a "cut" in the newspaper field outwitted a half dozen of his fellow reporters.

Justin S. Morrill, Founder of the Agricultural College of the U. S.

CHAS. HORN, '06.

How strange does this name appear to the general public. One whose character should be taken as a true example of American citizen and statesmanship. Through whose efforts our advance in agriculture and its colleges were brought about. Were it not for Justin Morrill many a thing would have failed, but for his clear foresight.

At an age when most men think of retiring, and which Dr. Osler proclaims as being the end of usefulness, Justin S. Morrill was ushered into Congress and started a career in that legislative body that proved to be the longest thus far recorded, and many men believe it to have been one of the most fruitful in our congressional history.

Justin S. Morrill was born of humble origin in Strafford, Vermont, April 4, 1810.

He was brought into life when our country was quite young, just beginning to grow. Only ten years after President Washington's death and during the second term of Madison's administration. His education was only what the public school of the town afforded, receiving no more than George Washington or Arbaham Lincoln. We wonder how a man like Lincoln can rise to President, the same admiration can be given to Justin S. Morrill. At fourteen years of age he stopped school in order to render his services for the support of his family. He worked in a store of the village for two years and then for four years was engaged in a similar position in Portland, Maine. At the end of that time his former employer of his native village made him a partner. After fifteen years of active and successful business he was able to retire. He purchased a tract of land, cultivated and improved it, erected a house, married and settled himself to all appearances to a quiet retired life. What seemed to be the close of a career was only its beginning. He had now laid a secure foundation to erect his monument upon.

During his many years in business, his kindness to the customers and helping hand to weak and less fortunate, study of the needs of the community and other persons, had given him one of the first ranks among honored and respected citizens.

In 1854 he was elected as representative and was re-elected to the House for a period of twelve successive years, then transferred to the Senate, where he served for thirty-two years.

During this period it can rightly be said, that no legislation passed the Congress that did not feel the influence of Justin S. Morrill's wise counsel.

To him and only to him is due the great tariff law of 1861 that will always carry his name, and all others modifications. Also, our grand Congressional Library and public buildings which ornament Washington. The property and wise administration of the Smithsonian Institution, the first anti-polygamy bill. Also, the great policies to which we owe the successful result of the Civil War—abolition of slavery, restoration of peace, homestead system, and one in particular establishing of our public credit foundation and admission of new States. There are many more acts that helped to increase the prosperity and welfare of our nation. And then shall we pass such a noble man as this by? We cannot too well show our gratification and respect to Justin S. Morrill. But one act by which his name lives forever and establishes an everlasting monument to his clear foresight, is the Land Grant Act of 1862, for educational purposes and the later supplementary legislation.

"By this act he set up an enormous system of institutions of higher education to be aided by the individual State and fitted in as an integral part of the whole of public instruction."

As finally passed, the act provided for "The endowment, support and maintenance of at least one college, in each State, where the leading object shall be, without excluding other scientific and classical studies and including tactics, to teach such branches of learning as are related to agriculture and mechanic arts, in such manner as the legislatures of the States may respectively prescribe, in order to promote the liberal and industrial classes in the several pursuits of life."

For these purposes the bill granted 30,000 acres to the several States for each Senator and Representative, the entire proceeds of the sale of which must be so invested as to constitute a perpetual fund yielding not less than 5 per cent. interest. "No portion of said portion fund nor the interest thereon shall be applied, directly or indirectly, under any pretense whatever to the purchase, erection, preservation or repair of any building or buildings." Under this act the States entering into a contract obligation with the United States to make a college a part of its system of public education.

Every State in the Union took advantage of this grant and now an agricultural college is flourishing in each State.

These are only a few sections of the act and from this bill of 1862, constant improvement was made upon it.

This Land Grant Act was the key of the advancement of agriculture. As later on bills were passed for the establishment of Experiment Stations and further endowment of agricultural colleges.

As the result of the successful work of Justin S. Morrill, the colleges opened their doors to thousands of students, giving free tuition to same, and who have since used their trained talents for the development of our industries by utilizing scientific facts and principles for its advancement. But more than this, these colleges at once begun in greater or less degree, the building up of technical courses in agriculture and the development of agricultural research along scientific lines. Amid much discouragement the technical education in agriculture gradually made their way in the various lines and now stand as a glorious monument of the Morrill Act of 1862.

As these institutions typify American education, so Mr. Morrill in his person and character typifies an ideal American citizen.

Everything about him was broad, national, American. His intellect and soul, his conception of statesmanship and of duty, expanded as the country grew. He was no dreamer, idealist or sentimentalist; but was wise, practical and represented the solid essence in the meeting. He was a plain, frank speaker and simple hearted man to whom duplicity and diplomacy were unknown. His career was not marked with great speeches, as he spoke seldom. He was often called upon to espouse unpopular causes and unpopular doctrines. Morrill always was content to be responsible for one man only.

Senator George F. Hoar, of Massachusetts, speaks of him as "the kindest and wisest of men," and when commemorating his death says, "When Justin S. Morrill died, not only a great figure left the Senate chamber—the image of the ancient virtue of New England, but an era of our National history came to an end. A great, healthful and beneficent power departed from our country's life. If he had not lived, the country would have been different in some very important particulars. It is not unlikely that his death changed the result of some matters of great pith and moment, which are to affect profoundly the history of the country in the future. His life went out with the century of which he saw almost the beginning. What the future may have in store for us we cannot tell. But we offer this man as an example of an American Senator and American citizen, than which, so far, we have none better. No State ever mourned a nobler son. His eyes in his old

age looked undimmed upon the greatness and the glory of his country in achieving which he had borne so large a part."

He enjoyed life to quite an old age; everything that can make a man happy.

He died in 1897, at his home in Vermont. His last days were filled with hope and not despair. No nobler tribute can be rendered to Justin S. Morrill than by placing in each great institution of learning in every American State a portrait of Justin S. Morrill.

We've All Been There

A "sporty" lad, steps off the train,
Shades his eyes with his hand,
Walks a yard, or perhaps more,
Then sees our building grand.

Briskly he walks along the tracks,
Then up the path he tears,
And in the twinkling of an eye,
He's mounted the porch stairs.

A day has passed—we see him then
Walking 'round alone;
The poor, tired boy has nought to do.
Oh! How he sighs for "home."

He seeks for Mr. Merrill,
Who, adding to his woes,
Replies with face all wreathed in smiles:
"You can't work in those clothes."

He mutters, groans, tears his hair.
Alas! It doesn't hurt,
While in his heart he's longing
For his overalls and shirt.

His trunk arrives; we see him now
Dance around in glee.
He jumps into his working-clothes
"I'm go'n to work," says he.

Race Suicide vs. Country Life

VICTOR ANDERSON, '07.

Among the many serious problems which confront the American nation of late the problem of race suicide has attracted a great deal of attention.

In a recent address by President Roosevelt he said, that if it wasn't for the mighty stream of immigration the United States would have to face the grave problem of race suicide, and a short time ago in an address delivered in Chicago by Professor Ross of the University of Nebraska, expressed himself that the greatest danger of the American nation lies in race suicide. Among other things he said, "The high education of young men and women of the present time, and especially of the latter; the stores, offices, mills and factories, where the services of women are required for years; the fact that everybody can be independent here by making a living for himself; the blind desire and foolish vanity to show off according to the latest style in dress and home—all these factors contribute to the drifting away from the pure and natural family life."

That education should lead us astray from Nature's laws; that civilization upon which all our marvelous inventions and discoveries are based should, instead of elevating us to the highest and noblest conceptions of life, lower us to the stage of moral stagnation seems so incredible that a deeper and a more widespread root for the evil must be sought after.

One need not to go very far to find a striking contradiction to Professor Ross' statement.

Let us take a trip to Germany, there we find as high a percentage of educated men as in the United States; yet the population is constantly on the increase and the government is looking for means and ways to check this overpopulation.

For the close observer the problem of race suicide would seem to be the net result of all the problems arising from the unnatural conditions under which a great, if not the greatest majority, of young men and women in the cities live. People are indulging in pleasures apparently harmless and innocent which tend to undermine their physical and moral foundation.

How many of us young men fall victims to the fiendish habit of inhaling tobacco smoke. Medical experiments have proven that the smoke of tobacco is extremely poisonous on account of the nicotine and carbon monoxide (CO) which it contains and upon inhaling it combines with the blood.

Once the victim is caught by the demon Tobacco he seems to lose his power of resistance till his noble health and mental capacities are warped and destroyed.

Study the science of animal breeding which tells us that the three essentials for producing the highest type of physical and mental development in an animal are : (1) breed, (2) care, (3) food; and yet if our highly bred animals would be endowed with the power of speech, how would they embarrass their human masters, saying: "You take the greatest pains in developing in us physical and mental vigor by selecting the best individuals. Why do you criminally neglect the same laws among your own species? You allow drunkards, gamblers, highwaymen and tobacco fiends to send forth a generation of physical and moral wrecks.

"You apply the latest improvements in keeping our stables clean and well ventilated and yet you and your children are working in factories and mills where you are compelled to breathe poor and foul air.

"You allow your children to read cheap novels, to visit shows and burlesques of a very doubtful nature, thus giving them a firm start to follow the temptations of city life; and, while you give us the best and most nutritious food, you are feeding yourself and your children upon adulterated food, contaminated water and all kinds of preservatives."

Surely the human master would have to confess all that which his animal accuses him of. Again the late statistics show that only 37 per cent. of the American population are engaged in agriculture while 63 per cent. are occupied in the cities.

It is not a secret to our government that there is at present a tendency on the part of the young men and women of the country to drift away to the cities.

No; not high education leads the men to an unnatural life.

People seem to lose their interest and love for Mother Nature.

The youth grows up among stone walls of a hustling and bustling city; the room of the school is very often not less to him than a prison, which he is only too anxious to leave.

No fields, no garden to strike his attention, and yet what a noble and exalting influence those fields and gardens would exercise upon his young mind; how they would lead his thoughts away from the different temptations surrounding him, and enter him upon a career of sublime interest; what a splendid foundation for physical and moral development would it be if they could devote their

attention to the growing of a few plants and the care of young animals.

What if every public school and high school should have a few acres of land and divide it into small plots, where boys and girls would engage themselves in nature study on a small scale.

What a moral lesson would it be for them to look in the depths of Nature's mysteries. What a love and inspiration it would implant into their hearts to continue Nature's study and what a noble reflection it would give them upon real manhood and womanhood.

Surely no laws and regulations, no churches and Sunday Schools will go very far toward the solution of race suicide.

Let man return to Nature and in following her laws will he find his salvation.

Scene—The supper table.

Time—One evening.

Characters—Ben Kline, Ben Chodos.

Play—Both Bens in argument, hot words, almost blows.

ACT II.

Fight over, mournful silence, both angry.

Ben Kline (handing Ben Chodor a slice of bread)—Here, Ben, here's a peace (piece) offering.

[CURTAIN.]

A balloon in Tallahassee
Was filling with gas one could see.
As it rose in the air,
It said: "I declare
I think it's all up with me."

Lauchman—Say, Kline, what makes you so small?

Kline (confidentially)—Hush! I'll tell you the truth about it—I've settled down.

Wrecked on the Pacific

MARCUS LEON, '07.

"Six years have passed and nothing heard of my Frederick. Oh! what have these unearthly demons wrought upon my once happy life. Yes—what a good husband he had always been. It is driving me mad, mad, mad. Oh, wretches! Six years—no, it is more. It seems as if it were treble that time. My God! bring him back to me. If he only knew how sick Nellie is. Oh, my child! Will I ever survive this desolated life? Oh! Oh! Oh! I cannot help crying."

These words caught my ears as I passed a humble cottage, surrounded by many trees and flowers, not long ago. What in the world can be the trouble with this unhappy woman, I thought. After meditating awhile, I felt it my duty as a Christian to inquire about this matter. Consequently I stepped up to the house and gently rapped at the door. No one responded. Again I rapped. This time a lady of middle age, her eyes filled with tears, opened the door.

"Good-day, madam," I cheerfully began.

"Good-day," she replied, trying to brush away her sad face.

"As I was passing I heard your sobs, and felt it my duty as a Christian to assist you if it lies within my power to do so."

"Oh, thank you; step in, kind sir," she kindly replied.

Accordingly she led me through a hall, the walls of which were dirty and covered with cobwebs, into a small room neatly furnished. On a small cot in one corner of the room lay a young child, crying and complaining of a pain in the head. It was a heartrending scene. Upon entering the room she offered me a chair, she also drew a chair close to mine and beckoned me to sit down.

"Look," she began, "it is two days since we have had any bread. I have been employed at the hosiery factory and that alone has kept us alive, but sudden illness attacking my child has even grasped that opportunity from me. 'Tis miserable. Thank God it is summer—what if it were winter? Oh, what a misfortune I have been a victim of. Why is my life such a burden?"

"Have you not a husband?" I interrupted.

Upon hearing this question she broke into mournful sobs. Here I tried to comfort her but of no avail.

"Oh, my husband! my husband! what wretches have taken him from me? Six y-y-years!"

"Come, now, cheer up and tell me the story of your burdensome life, and I will see what I can do for you," I cheerfully said.

After comforting her, I sent for the doctor to look after the child.

"Now tell me the story of your husband."

"I will," she replied, and accordingly began the following narrative:

"It was July 17, 1899, that Frederick left us to join the United States troops for the Philippines. We had attempted to persuade him to stay at home but it was of no use; he insisted upon going. We were at the seashore that day to see him off. How many mothers and wives were crowded on the deck to embrace their sons and husbands—perhaps for the last time. How happy all the soldiers were, and still, how sad. Happy to know that they were bound for a far distant uncivilized land to fight for their noble country; sad to leave their dear ones at home, perhaps never to return. This was the way Frederick felt, and how Providence seems to have granted this. The time for the ship to leave was drawing nigh, so he, kissing Nellie, a mere child of two years, and myself, goodbye, we left the deck. When we alighted from the ship the whistle blew; a few moments more remained. I threw a ring which bore my name, 'Catharine,' up to Frederick, and told him to wear it. He placed it on the middle finger of his left hand, at the same time placing a kiss on it. Another whistle blew and slowly the ship began to move. I drew out my handkerchief and began to wave it at him, and he also waved his in return. This was kept up as long as the ship was in sight, but slowly the ship began to sink below the horizon and at last disappeared. Tears filled my eyes as I left the seashore with Nellie. Days passed in a very quiet manner—nothing being heard of Frederick. Money became scarce, so I thought it best to seek employment so as to keep from charitable aid as much as possible. With my child in my arms, I wandered through the streets, inquiring at commendable places for work. Nothing was available till I reached a hosier factory, where the manager offered me a position at five dollars a week. This I accepted. Out of this sum I had to pay one dollar a week for the maintenance of Nellie at Infants' Home, while I was at work. By being economical, we managed to get along all right. One day while at work news came that a terrible disaster had occurred several days before on the Pacific. I managed to get a newspaper and read the details of the disaster. My God! it was this. A ship bound for the Philippines with troops was caught in a fearful storm. The ship was driven

astray into an unknown course. Suddenly the ship dashed into some huge rocks. The sides were shattered to pieces. The ship went under. Oh, 'tis horrible to speak of it! The ship that witnessed this accident was the *Ohio*. The crew say that it occurred several leagues off the coast of the Ladrone Island. Some of them say that they believe they saw a man swimming off in the distance. This put a gleam of hope in my eyes as I knew Frederick to be a good swimmer. But, alas! how can I hope now—so many years have passed by."

At this point she stopped and tears began to fill her eyes. How sad. How she really had suffered so many years.

"And how old was your husband?" I asked her.

"Twenty-five when he left us," she sadly replied.

"Twenty-five, twenty-five," I muttered.

Suddenly some one rapped at the door. Springing up from her seat, surprised, she whispered, "Who can that be?"

I stepped up to the door and there before me stood the doctor I had sent for.

"Good-day, Doctor; step in," I said in a greeting way.

"Good-day," he replied.

Without any hesitation whatever, he walked into the room where the sick child lay. Upon removing his coat and hat, he drew a chair close to the child.

"What ails you, my little one?" he said pleasantly.

"My head aches awfully and I feel very chilly," she replied in a faint manner.

Here the doctor drew closer and felt her pulse. After a moment's thought he opened his valise and took out a box of pills. Then turning to the mother, he said:

"Give the child one of these pills every hour, and I will pay another visit in the meantime."

I handed the doctor my card and told him to charge whatever expense may be incurred to me. After bidding good-bye the doctor departed.

(*To be continued in next issue*).

Anderson, '07 (in poultry)—Do you not think it would be a good idea to teach our fowls religion?

Professor Bishop (surprisingly)—Why?

Anderson, '07—So that they might prey (pray) upon intruding birds.

HIT OR MISS

MARCUS LEON, Editor

Fleischer, '08—How do you feel, Krinzman?
Krinzman, '06 (recently stung by a bee)—Swell.

No matter how hard the shoemaker tries to rise, so long as he sticks to his trade he is always at the foot.

Horn, '06—Did you hear of the wooden wedding held the other night?

Berg, '09 (seriously)—A wooden wedding?
Horn, '06—Yes; two Poles were married.

Professor Halligan (in horticulture)—What is grafting?

Rock, '07 (unintentionally)—Grafting is that method of audaciously defrauding the—

Professor Halligan (interrupting)—Wake up, Rock!

There were many apples in the Garden of Eden but only one pair.

Freddie—And why do you think your sister cares for me?

Bobby—Well, she called you a lobster and I know she likes lobsters.

An eye for business—The optician.

Lauchman, '09—How did you cut your face, Chodos?

Chodos, '08 (who had been shaving)—With my razor while shaving.

Lauchman, '09—Then you better see the doctor, for that might turn to blood poison.

Chodos, '08—No danger; it was a safety razor.

ATHLETICS

ABE MILLER, '07, Editor.

Our 1905 baseball career came to an unexpected close due to an early graduation which took from us four of our ablest men, including captain and manager.

We regret very much having had to cancel our most important games.

Notwithstanding the loss of baseball we comforted ourselves with tennis, to which the boys took very freely. The courts were occupied unceasingly throughout the summer months. Many of our students have developed into expert players, which will enable us to turn out a winning team next year, when we expect to play the several high schools.

The call for candidates for the football team has already been responded to by a goodly number, most of which seem to possess the various qualities necessary to the make up of a good eleven.

Last year we made our debut in scholastic circles and fared so well that we thought ourselves capable of holding our own when the next season should open. So here we are, with plenty of enthusiasm behind the squad which adds so much to perfect the sport.

Of last year's squad there still remains Captain Krinzman, Condor, Frank, Osterlenk, Chodos, Fienberg, Müller, Neustadt and Rudley. We shall depend mostly upon the coming freshmen class to furnish the men for the vacancies caused by the graduation of several of the last year players.

Coach Halligan, assisted by Professor Merrill, will take charge of the squad.

It was through the untiring efforts of Coach Halligan that enabled us to turn out as good a team last year as we did.

Manager Neustadt is busily engaged filling his schedule for the coming season. He has already booked a goodly number of games with the surrounding schools. He hopes to have his schedule filled in a few days. With all the prospects for a good team, we trust that the green and gold will enjoy a prosperous season, and remain as in the past, unsullied by defeat.

IRVING B. HORN.

Class, Club and School Notes

LOUIS ROCK, '07, Editor.

With the opening of this new department, the editor hopes that the Secretaries of the various classes will be more particular this year about handing in notes for THE GLEANER, in order that the outside readers may get somewhat of an idea of the various doings in some of the classes and clubs of this school.

Literary Society

During the past year several challenges have been made to the various High Schools of Philadelphia for a debate, but owing to the lateness of the season they were unable to accept the offer. Nevertheless the students have derived a great deal of interest from the experience, and it is hoped that at the opening of the Literary Society the students will combine their efforts to help the progress along. And if we should meet with a defeat let us not be discouraged but on the contrary work all the harder to do better the next time.

At a recent meeting of the Literary Society the following officers were elected: President, L. Condor, '06; Vice-President, B. Ostrolenk, '06; Secretary and Treasurer, C. Horn, '06. It is hoped that under the present board of officers with L. Condor as Chairman, the Literary Society meetings will be as good if not better than they were last year.

Chess Club

During the summer vacation, so-called, while the text-books on the shelves were idly resting and when the students' mind was not worried with the preparation of his tomorrow's lessons, there was a great chance and opportunity for him to grasp some knowledge on sundry outside subjects by means of reading, etc. But there are times when a person becomes even tired of perusing newspapers and magazines and finds himself in search of a recreation of another sort. Now how is he to spend his time? There are various ways of answering this question. One may take a fancy to idle around and consume his time in the midst of such a dilemma, while another may worthily spend his time in participating in a game of baseball, tennis, thus exercising themselves both physically and mentally.

Now as to the people who do not take part in the above-mentioned games nor wish to waste their time away—what are they to do? To follow the old proverb would mean that there is an answer to every question. They who take no pride in the above games will find their time well spent in devoting themselves to a game of chess. It is one of the best quick time passers there is and has a most excellent effect upon the intellectual power. Furthermore, to the individual whose mind is troubled with a great many things and who cannot detract their attention from it, chess is one of the surest cures. It requires your entire attention to contemplate the moves, and if you fail to accomplish this you might as well declare yourself lost before the end of the game.

That a great number of the students are very enthusiastic about the game can be very plainly shown from the fact that they are already making out plans of arranging games with some High School chess teams of Philadelphia.

Amongst the students themselves there seems to be a sudden awakening and many contests are expected. It is hoped that the spirit vested by the students in the game so far will be continued, so that we may be able to put out a team which will be a credit to our school.

Farm Department

Since Professor W. H. Bishop, who has charge of the Farm Department, has been connected with this institution, a great number of changes have been made there. Owing to the additional supply of tools lately it was found necessary to build a new implement shed to form larger accommodations. A new silo, 30x8, has also been built and was filled with silage corn.

Another improvement on our farm is being made now. The foundation for a new barn with the sole purpose of accommodating young stock has already been laid, and is expected to be done in a very short time.

This year in the Farm Department, harvesting the grains, making hay and cultivation, consumed the greater part of our time and the wheat has already been threshed.

Horticultural Department

During the last few months there were great chances and opportunities for the students to learn something about horticulture, if they only kept their eyes wide open and took notice of the various

things going on. One of the houses which was occupied with a crop of tomatoes has borne a most excellent yield of fruit, and after its removal of some months ago were replaced by a large number of carnations.

The chrysanthemums are also occupying one of the benches of the greenhouse and a large quantity of blossoms are expected.

During the last few months a large part of our time has been devoted in painting and repairing the greenhouse, and it is now in a most excellent condition.

Individual Gardens

A few years ago the plan of assigning a small plot of ground to each student to be taken care of in his own spare time was introduced, and so well has it succeeded that it has been kept up ever since. It is a plain, evident fact that a student cannot learn as much on a large acreage and on the school's time as he can on his own garden, where he can observe the plants more closely and frequently. Although at night, wearied out by the day's toil, he is always ready to visit his garden and try to improve it the best he knows how. He has the privilege of choosing his kind of plants and of arranging it in accordance with his heart's desire.

A good number of the students are working more for the prizes which are given out every year for the best looking gardens of the lot than for the lessons it teaches them. Of course, these students are more particular about the appearance of the garden than they are about the crops they receive in return.

Some of the boys have even gone so far as to sell their produce in a nearby town, thus making quite a little sum of spending money.

Teacher—Suite, Johnnie, is pronounced “sweet.”

Johnnie—You mean bathing suits, don't you, Miss Mary?

Always cutting up—The butcher.

Professor Merrill (in meteorology)—Why is it that the air is so warm in here?

Feldman, '08—Too much hot air.

James—Isn't that a bird of a dress?

Will—Yes; she wears a duck suit.


EXCHANGES


M. GREEN, '07.

It gives the editor of this department great honor in behalf of THE GLEANER to extend to our numerous exchanges our sincere wishes for success during the coming year.

During the past year we have gotten quite a number of new exchanges, and as a result our circulation has increased.

It shall always be a source of pleasure to us to exchange with any school paper, for we are always more than happy to receive them.

It is the aim of the editor of this department to treat all exchanges alike, to offer just criticism and shall be glad to greet our exchanges with a friendly nod and an encouraging smile.

Last year it was admitted by our frank and just exchanges that THE GLEANER has been improved wonderfully within quite a short space of time. This we mostly attribute to the energetical work of the last staff.

Our expectations for this ensuing year are full of sincere hope that the present staff will follow the pace set by their predecessors and improve the condition of THE GLEANER.

The inflow of exchanges is rapidly increasing and we are fully convinced that this year we shall have our hands full.

We express our thanks to the *Students Herald* for their consideration in remembering us during the summer. Their paper is always a welcome visitor on our table.

FRESHMEN.

Lo, soon we'll be Freshmen no more,

All will not think us so small;

We will be Sophomores, you know—

They aren't so bad after all.

At us the Seniors all may laugh,

And so may every one,

We're not so terrible by half.

We'll be Sophs when the year is done.

—Ex.

Oh! "Ruffless" never scuffles,

He keeps up like a man,

He kicks and jumps and runs so free

That sometimes people call him "Lee."

I'm sure you all this boy will know

If e'er to football you did go.

—Ex.

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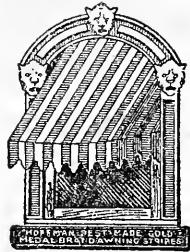
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